

# The Triumph of Justice :

BEING

The Last SPEECH and CONFESSION of Nine Malefactors, and  
Betrayers of the LIVES and Liberties of the Good People of ENGLAND.

*But few Examples here are made } { The Rest that have as Ill Deserv'd,  
Of such as have our Laws Betray'd; } For the next Sessions are Reserv'd.*

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound.*

**G**OOD English-men, Women, and Children give ear,  
Unto the Confession that we shall rehearse,  
'Tis the dolefullest Story you ever did hear,  
By our selves writ in Prose, by Friend Bayes put in  
To be great was my Scope, (Verse.  
To the Devil and Pope,

A Slave to Ambition, that ends in a Rope;  
For betraying Fair London her Gates claim my Quarters,  
Take warning by me ye Supplanters of Charters.

I car'd not for Precedent, Conscience or Law,  
Bear witness all you whom I hang'd in the West,  
If ever I valu'd Mens Lives of a Straw,  
But could Sentence a Prisoner, and then break a Jest.  
The Sword and the Gun  
Left the Work but half done,  
My Breath more destructive, slew Ten for their One;  
For I never gave Quarter where once I did seize,  
The World curs'd me for't, but I knew whom to please.

On the Bench I could roar till I made the Walls shake,  
In Court Ecclesiastick could hector the Church,  
An Evidence too for a need I could make,  
Ere I'd suffer the Cause to be left in the Lurch.  
'Twixt the Cartains I got,  
Spy'd a Child reaking hot,  
Which the Mother n'ere bore, nor the Father n'ere got:  
My Eyes are the Vouchers of what I Depose,  
If you question my Eyes I appeal to my Nose.

In Wapping at last I was snap't by surprize,  
Thence dragg'd like a Varlet before my Lord Mayor,  
Where I had the Honour in spight of Disguise,  
Out of his small Senses his Lordship to scare:  
Thus much by the way  
Of Caution to say,  
Seem'd needfull, for those that their Countrey betray,  
'Twill sooner or later bring hanging about,  
So farewell, and take notice that now my Dream's out.

**A**gainst the Tantivies and Tories I stirr'd, (State,  
Nor would joyn in the Shams or Intreagues of the  
But at last was prevail'd with to take up the T—d,  
Preferment you know is a most charming Bait.  
Against Law and Sense  
I granted Dispense,  
To Old Obadiab, and Bishops Defence  
After that I oppos'd with a Forehead of Brasse,  
Some say like a Knave, but more like an Ass.

Full well ye know all I was Dabbed a Knight,  
For granting dispense to the said Obadiab;  
Yet had since the Assurance for to come in Sight,  
And swagger at Bar like to any Goliab.  
Take warning I pray,  
All you that betray

The Laws of your Countrey, you'll swing fort one day,  
If my wofull Example your Eyes will not O'pe,  
And my Counsel proves vain, I bequeath you my Rope.

**A**horring Petitions brought me into Play,  
It Dubb'd me a Knight, and it made me a Judge,  
I resolv'd for Advancement, I car'd not what way,  
And now have Preferment that no man will grudge:  
To comply with the Court,  
Without Precedent for't,  
' thought three miles Whipping a Progress too short:

A Sentence that made me abhorr'd by Mankind,  
Yet was sorry that I no worse Penance could find.

On Jeffery's I fastened and stuck like a Burr,  
Like a Dog lick't his Feet, thunk my Tail, hung my Ears;  
But at last my Patroon kick't me out like a Carr,  
A Misfortune that then cost me many salt Tears.  
Ye Perverters of Law,  
Before I withdraw,

Take a word of good Counsel to keep you in awe,  
Dispensers with Laws may escape for a Time,  
But Tyburn will never dispense with the Crime.

**S**uborners were we, by some call'd the Popes Mutes,  
Enricht by destroying of Free Corporations,  
And now of our Treachery reap the just Fruits,  
Who for Pelf made no Bones of destroying three Na-  
Such an infamous Brace, (tions.  
Does the Gallows disgrace,  
And makes even the Hangman ashamed of his Place:  
He grutches his Office on such wicked Elves,  
And could wish for his Part we had hanged our selves.

Like Villains abandoning Conscience and Shame,  
No Practice we baulk't, but could Bribe, Forge and Lye,  
Like Blood-hounds could dexterously find out the Game,  
While a Kennel of Witnesses kept up the Cry.  
To Collogue with the Court,  
Of mens Lives we made sport;  
Old Dogs at Intreagues, but now must swing for't,  
With a Leash of vile Foremen of Juries that follows,  
Whom we then brought to Murders, and now to the Gallows.

**M**ake room for such Varlets as n'ere cumber'd Sledge,  
The perjur'd vile Juries three Foremen are we,  
Our number falls right, and we claim priviledge  
To have each Man his Beam on the Triangle Tree.  
In Verdict agreed  
Like a true Tory Breed,  
To shew our selves Loyal made th' Innocent bleed:  
And after like Miscreants bragg'd of our Jobbs,  
But we must give place to our Orator Nobbs.

**R**oom, room for old Roger, the scourge of the Nation,  
Thro all my disguises I cannot escape,  
I had better have stuck to my Trade of Translation,  
Than have undertook to be Guide to the Crape,  
I instructed the Raw,  
And taught them to draw  
Good sound true Divinity out of false Law,  
Till Preachers and Pleaders came down with their Guineys,  
Which I pocketed up, and then laugh'd at the Ninneys.

The Rights of the Subject by me were well known,  
The frame of our Government none better knew:  
I wrote 'gainst my Conscience, and Knowledge I own,  
But with Fools not Philosophers I had to do.  
Take warning each Wight  
That for Penions do write,  
The practice may make a poor Scoundrel a Knight:  
But when you have Scribbled, Buffoon'd and Harangu'd,  
Your next step of Preferment will be to be Hang'd.

FINIS.